

Sir R----- *TRIUMPHANT.*
K

A

S O N G.

ADDRESS'D TO HIS FRIENDS.

To the TUNE of

To all you LADIES now at LAND.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. COOPER, in *Fleet-street.* 1739.

(Price ~~six~~-pence.)

24 R--- T R I U M P H A N T

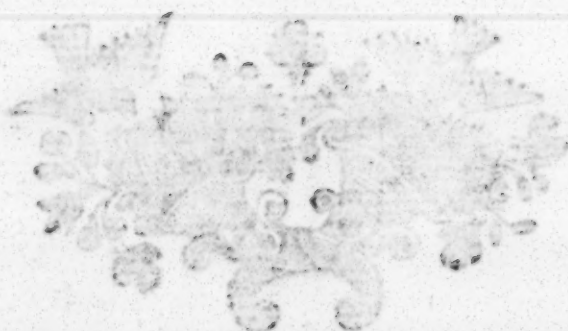
S O N G



ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIENDS

To the Town of

To my dear FRIENDS



L O N D O N

Printed for J. Cooper, in Fleet-street 1739.

(Price Sixpence)

Sir R----- T R I U M P H A N T.

A S O N G.



HIS SONG of TRIUMPH now I send

And with it Thanks sincere,

To all who did Assistance lend

To FRIENDS of mine most dear,

To W---d of B-----te belongs

The Tribute of my Verse in Songs, *with a fa, la, &c.*

Ye worthy People of this W---d,

Who Charms in Freedom see,

And to its Patrons paid regard,

Approv'd as such by me,

Acknowledgments I ought to shew,

Which, 'tis allow'd, I owe to you, *with a fa, &c.*

With Reason great may I rejoice,

And to applaud you aim,

Since such Men only are your Choice,

As I myself wou'd name,

Who will on all Occasions vote,

And, as I bid 'em, Schemes promote, *with a fa, &c.*

Who

Who always will with me concur,
 Whenever I arraign,
 Or strive the M-----y to slur,
 Concerning War with *Spain*,
 And who confess they 've much Delight
 From ev'ry Thing I speak or write,
with a fa, la, &c.

Who think that none Rewards shou'd share,
 Who sit in P-----t,
 But that they 're due to such as are
 To C-----n C-----l sent,
 Since Gentlemen Corruption taints,
 While Masons, Carpenters, are Saints,
with a fa, la, &c.

St. *St* -----n's *Ch*-----l heretofore
 Had Reason to be proud
 Of Sages many, — but no more
 There many Sages crowd,
G-----t *B*-----n tott'ring soon wou'd fall
 But for the Statesmen at *G*---d *H*---ll,
with a fa, la, &c.

Where



Where all th' Impartial must admire

J--n B-----r void of Art,

G---ge H-----te calm and free from Fire,

And *B---d's Patriot* Heart,

These all deserve their Busts at *S--w*,

For these shou'd Strains of *G---r* flow,

with a fa, la, &c.

To *W-----, L-----*, worthy Pair,

None can Respect deny,

They in the *Ch-----n's* Affair

Shew'd vast Integrity,

Preserving Characters most clear

As all may from *W----- S-----n* hear,

with a fa, la, &c.

Our *C-----n C-----l* too must please,

Grac'd with egregious Men,

In *D-----e's* seen *Demosthenes*,

And *Tully* in Squire *B---*,

We've filky *C-----n*, and deep *P---l*,

And *W---y's* Name speaks him no Fool,

with a fa, la, &c.

To me delightful 'tis to pun,
 And with all Words to play,
 Here we now *For--y* have in one,
 And, in *December, M—*,
 And all must own we're well ally'd,
 Since *Holl--d's* firmly on our Side,
with a fa, la, &c.

We have a *W---b* — we have one *L---g*,
 And search the City through,
 We're weav'd in Int'rest thus, so strong,
 We equall'd are by few,
 And our Opposers — as all see,
 Cou'd not come off, but by the *L—*,
with a fa, la, &c.

Tho' *Da—s, Ro—ts, Fa—y* too
 Have Names too rough for Verse,
 That they all staunch are, and true blue,
 I'll venture to rehearse,
 And Lustre which to Lines these give
 Will make 'em in my Lines to live,
with a fa, la, &c.
 Recorded

Recorded thus the whole Fourteen,
 Tho' wrong'd by Tales most vile,
 At Efforts of envenom'd Spleen,
 Quite unconcern'd may smile.

While to my Self 'twill Honours raise
 That I have justly sung their Praise,

with a fa, la, &c.

And since at last I've won the Day,
 And brought in all my Friends,
 Whate'er my Adversaries say,
 I shall obtain my Ends:

On me should any Courtiers frown,
 They ne'er can lessen my Renown,

with a fa, la, &c.

In vain some blam'd the Mansion Scheme.

And Fraud of any Kind,
 Tho' these Ill-nature makes it's Theme,
 Such Trifles none shou'd mind.

My Friends Perfections all display,
 The People's Fav'rites therefore they,

with a fa, la, &c.

A C----l, and an H-----l bright
 Have bravely stood the Test,
 Whose full Defert I'll not recite,
 By Numbers 'tis confest;
 The Half-Moon Club by such as these
 Subdues all Heroes of the Fleece,
with a fa, la, &c.

Tho' like the *Argonauts* of old,
 With *Jason* at their Head,
 These *Last* to Conflict went, we're told,
 Unlike the *First*, ----- they fled,
 And forc'd their Champion was to yield
 To me the Trophies of the Field,
with a fa, la, &c.

Those glitt'ring Trophies which to gain
 I sent a chosen Band,
 Yet, as if I did them disdain,
 Disown'd such my Command,
 As oft will Ministers of State,
 The Acts of those who on 'em wait,
with a fa, la, &c.
 More

More of my Self to write were vain,
 And 'tis not to my Gust,
 But others wou'd, shou'd I refrain,
 And *this* may make it just;
 I chuse Companions merry Folk,
 And with such dearly love to joke,
with a fa, la, &c.

Oft chearful o'er a Glafs or Cup,
 I laugh, I jest, I sing,
 And when the Bumpers are fill'd up,
 I toast, --- come --- here's the KING,
 I need no further ope the Scene,
 All who know me --- know whom I mean,
with a fa, la, &c.

Sometimes with Loyal M-----n,
 That wond'rous *meek* Divine,
 I take a Bottle, and ere done,
 In Politics we join.
 Each Courtly Plan we then o'erfet,
 And ridicule the Cab---t.
with a fa, la, &c.

Not *P*-----y's Truth and Eloquence,
 Not sprightly turns of *P*---,
 Not *W*-----m's nervous Manly Sense,
 Nor *L*-----n's keen Wit,
 E'er yet so much hurt the Premier
 As I could with Sarcastic Jeer,
with a fa, la, &c.

Not *B*-----d making some fine Speech,
 Not *C*-----n warm with Zeal,
 Not *S*---s on Public Good to preach
 Much prone, and Ills reveal,
 Like me cou'd bring their Ends about,
 And put all Courtiers to the rout,
with a fa, la, &c.

Not downright *Sh*----, tho' possess'd
 Of Qualities most fine,
 And with such Stores of Knowledge blest
 That me he may outshine,
 Can, what we want most, wish for more,
 Or sooner wou'd that *Want* restore,
with a fa, la, &c.

I could from ever-fertile Brain

The fittest Means disclose

At once, to crush aspiring *Spain*,

And humble all our Foes,

And, howe'er great him some may deem,

Cause *Fl---*'s Self an *Ass* to seem,

with a fa, la, &c.

Triumphant in the *Ch---*, next Year,

I'll tell what should be Law,

Of me shall *PLACEMEN* stand in Fear,

The *WHIGS* I'll keep in Awe;

Whene'er in *Ballads* I proclaim

How good my own --- how bad their Fame,

with a fa, la, &c.

While *Dev*'ls are made, which much I like,

Of those who me withstand,

And I with poignant Satire strike,

Pen brandish'd in my Hand,

St. PETER's *Pr---* is sure such Wit

Will force my Foes all to submit,

with a fa, la, &c.

Sir Jo, Sir NED, Sir JOHN, and most
 Who did with them unite,
 My Talents prov'd, — but at their Cost,
 And still are in a Fright.
 They ne'er again will me oppose,
 Whose *Wit* will baffle all such Foes,
with a fa, la, &c.

But if in *Print* they e'er should try
 To make a sharp Return,
 The ———'s Place I can supply,
 And all their Satires burn;
 Courants on the *Excise* some know,
 I us'd thus, not sev'n Years ago,
with a fa, la, &c.

While these Truths are, and many more,
 Concerning me allow'd,
 The *Liverymen* a Sen—r,
 To chuse me must be proud;
 Then *LONDON*'s Glory will rise high,
 And none with its Sir *R——* vie,
with a fa la &c.

F I N I S.



